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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Loves of the Angels, a Poem. By Thomas Moore. 8vo. pp. 148. London 1823. Longman & Co.

WHETHER or not the earthly fires of those *Loves* with which Mr. Moore has already charmed the amorous age in poetic coruscations gave promise of celestial purity in his description of angelical amours, it is not incumbent on us to pronounce. We know that since the present poem has been advertised, the graver portion of the public have anticipated warm work—warmer than would beseem the theme; but we rejoice to say that their apprehensions were groundless. There may be a few passages in which human passions are more vividly pourtrayed than the heavenly natures of the parties justify; but it is clear that the author has, if misled, been carried away by the glow of his imagination, and that so far from a premeditated design to inflame the sense, his aim has constantly been to point a moral.

With respect to the production as a composition, we think it will unite still more universal suffrage. Like Lalla Rookh, it is sparkling with brilliancy, and breathing with beauty. It possesses all the characteristics of the author; all his graces, all his faults. The exquisite touches of nature have occasionally their foils in fictitious sentiment; the dazzling force of happy imagery is sometimes attenuated into the ingenious trifling of fanciful conceit. Mr. Moore's Muse is a playful creature, and *will* sport in spite of circumstances. Her humour is perhaps inconsistent with the highest elevation; but she is withal so fascinating, that we would pause long before we exchanged her for a more dignified associate. The bright-minded, blue-eyed, laughing girl, radiant with talent, and beaming with every variety of expression, may, without an impeachment of taste or judgment, be thought as delightful as the stately maid of more measured deportment, and full of energy and genius.

We are informed in a Preface, which strikes us as a little ironical, that this Volume has been hastened in order to appear in the literary horizon, a sort of '*heliacal rising*'* before a drama on the same subject appeared in the effulgence of Lord Byron's rays. Now when it is considered that this apprehended splendour is to constitute a part of that luminary *The Liberal*, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Moore's dread of eclipse or extinction must be feigned, as a satire upon the noble Lord. Sure we are that if really felt, he is much more timid than the occasion requires, and far more modest in the estimate of his own abilities than Poets usually are. The Preface also briefly explains the author's conception, and we cannot do better than quote his own words:

"In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of 'veiled meaning,' and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

Having thus shown the author's purpose, we proceed to his execution of it, in the descriptions of the Loves of Three Angels for three of the fair forms of earth among the first daughters of the Children of Men. The introduction is worthy of the subject:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

— — — — —

One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—

These, in succession, tell the stories of their mortal loves. The first is the "*unheavenliest*" of the angelic natures, who becomes enamoured of an Oriental beauty whom he sees bathing when on a celestial mission to the world. The Eastern locality is most poetically laid down, for

'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.

Here the fated Angel sees

One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

What ensues slides from poetry almost into the ludicrous;

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake— - - - -

The further description returns to a finer strain, and in its passionateness is in keeping with the character of the Angel, whose proneness to earthly joys removed him from the higher class of intelligences:

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
Below'd, and consecrated spot
Where LEILA was—the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was not!

But as *he* fell below his, she aspired to mount above her sphere in creation. His prayers are coldly repulsed, till in the end he imparts to his adored the mystical words, which spoken, "plumes the wing for heaven," and she rises in glory to a bright star, leaving her abandoned lover to the sorrows of eternal banishment from bliss. Previous to this catastrophe, his delineation of Despair assuming the semblance of pleasure is very powerful:

- - - - I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness—
Sad mimicry of mirth and life!
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.
Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse,

* This simile, by the by, is incorrect: astronomers do not apply the phrase to a star about *to be lost* in the light of a greater luminary, but to a star which *belongs to the sun* (or Nuncio,) or by a helical rising *emerges from* his beams, which have previously rendered it invisible.—*Ed.*

And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever—like wild fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

At their next meeting, she

- - - did her brow, as usual, turn
To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

And he

- - - - - - with soul all flame
And lips that burned in their own sighs,
Communicated the fatal secret,
- - stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!

Repeating these, she becomes angelic, and rises in light to her favourite star, while in him the spell loses its power, and his latest consolation is thus sweetly told:

Once—or did I but fancy so?—
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

The second Angel, named *Rubi*, is a more glorified essence; one of those whom the Cabalistic dreamers class among the higher host as a *Cherub*, or *Spirit of Knowledge*. His researches through "immensity" are grandly but vaguely* painted, till his narrative describes the creation of Woman.

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

It would be a tacit libel on Woman not to observe on this extract, that she is far more beautiful and excellent than the objects to which the Poet has compared her, and therefore that he has here, by his want of gallantry, exposed himself to the charge of bathos. We hope the Sex will forgive him.

From an enthusiastic admiration of Eve, into which he is betrayed by the insatiable thirst of knowledge, as well as by the fascinating charms of the new Being, the transition is natural to one of her loveliest descendants. He tells most delightfully,

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which God made solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own) that wish to *know*,
Sad, fatal seal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from heaven all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
As his soul is with strength and sense—
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away!
Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And with her—*that*, at least, was bliss)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven—
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first,
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave!

This delicious passage is very closely followed by what would make a good song† for the National Melodies, if a tune could be found for it, and is consequently inferior in quality to its surrounding graces, for the immediate description of the object is also sweetly fanciful:

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;

And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping. - - -

Into the soul of this enchanting creature the Angel steals in dreams, and at last reveals himself to her ardent aspirations for the original of these glorious shadows. Their after-state is drawn with an energetic pencil:

Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonising cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis blest—
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first!—
To see *her* happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade—
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

The besetting sin of the happy Lilis, and that which accelerates the impending destruction, is pride, and a longing for attainments above the reach of mortality. Her wishes are fondly gratified by her Cherub's love; and his fervent desire to accomplish all she can ask is prettily told in four lines: And

- - - when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said "Nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

Thus prevented in all her ambitious imaginings, the story proceeds:

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
— — — — —
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

But at last came the wish which brought fate with it:

At length, as if some thought, awaking
Suddenly, sprung within her breast—
Like a young bird, when day-light breaking
Startles him from his dreamy nest—
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As if to let more soul escape,

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* Vagueness often adds to sublimity, but the want of a definite idea is a blemish in such a passage as this—

'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!

The thought is incomprehensible, and consequently the impression of immeasurable distance on the mind fails.

† Ex. gr.

Could I help wondering at a creature,
Enchanted round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?
Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper—
And, wheresoe'er they smil'd, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it, as they please!

And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said:—
"I had, last night, a dream of thee,
Resembling those divine ones, given,
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.
"The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
Dazzling as if of star-light made;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.
"All bright as in those happy dreams
Thou stood'st, a creature to adore
No less than love, breathing out beams,
As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!
"Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embrac'd;
"And, as thou held'st me there, the flame
Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine.
"Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
When will my Cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?
"When shall I, waking, be allow'd
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within my arms?
"Oh what a pride to say—this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heaven, he's mine, he's mine!

Like Semele, the divine embrace was more than her mortal nature could bear:

Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fallen angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting—but the' illumin'd brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
Ev'n to themselves—the' unfolded wings
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

— — — — —

Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the' fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last—
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
And I the fiend, whose foul cares
Had blasted all that loveliness!

We will say nothing of the ludicrous idea associated with this tragical conclusion—the East India anecdote of "Sweep away your mistress and bring clean glasses;" but merely notice that we disapprove, in the first passage, of the comparison of a singular to plural "priestesses," and the doggrel rhymes "splendid," "extended;" and in the second, of the simile of the "white sail" as inapplicable.

The Loves of the third Angel are more auspicious; but we must ask permission to reserve them, though short, for another Paper, in which we shall also offer a few critical remarks on the whole Poem.

My Residence with the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. London and Paris. Colburn, and Bosange. 8vo. 2 vols.

THIS is Las Cases' Journal of an important period of Buonaparte's life, and a work of uncommon interest, as every thing relating to a man who filled so large a space on the world's theatre must be, especially when flowing from what may be considered a near and authentic source. We apply the latter epithet guardedly; not as meaning that Las Cases' facts are to be taken as gospels, but, on the contrary, that more than usual suspicion is attached to his partisan statements, which must therefore, on his own showing, be viewed as strongly discoloured by his resentments and prejudices. We know that renegades are generally the bitterest sticklers for the party to which they happen at any time to adhere; and Las Cases having first emigrated as a royalist, then made his peace with the Emperor, then offered himself to Louis XVIII. and, finally, gone back again to Napoleon, it may readily be anticipated that his tergiversations have imbued his work with the spirit pertaining to all his weather-cock and unprincipled tribe. But, with the due allowances to be made on these grounds, his book is still one which will deservedly excite a powerful sensation; and we accordingly lose no time in performing our task of bringing it fairly and speedily before the public.

As a key to the foregoing remarks, and a guide for the proper reading of these volumes, we shall begin by quoting a page near the close of the first. On the first restoration of the Bourbons, the Count says he wrote to the Chancellor of France

"To acquaint him that I had been Master of requests to the last Council of State; and that if that circumstance were not sufficient to exclude me from becoming a member of the new assembly, I begged him to recommend me to the King as a Councillor of State. I observed that I would not advance as claims to favour, my eleven years' emigration, or the loss of my patrimony in the King's cause. In these respects I conceived I had only done my duty; which I had at all times, to the best of my knowledge, fulfilled faithfully and to the utmost. *This language, as may well be supposed, deprived me even of the honour of a reply.*

"Meanwhile the new situation of Paris, the sight of the foreign troops, the acclamations of every kind, were more than I could endure; and I adopted the determination of going for a short time to London, where I should meet with old friends, who might afford me all the consolation of which I was susceptible. Then, again, I recollected that I might find in London the same tumult and the same exultation that had driven me from Paris: this proved to be the fact. London was the scene of festivity and rejoicing, to celebrate the triumphs of the English and our humiliation."

From this paragraph it is pretty evident that if our patriot could have got himself into the king's council, instead of being treated with silent contempt, his sensitive nerves might have endured the shocking rejoicings of the Allies; and that instead of an adherent of Buonaparte at St. Helena, he would in all probability have been a Minister of Louis XVIII. at Paris: but, as he truly says elsewhere, it is very curious to remark how our destinies are shaped by circumstances!!*

In the Work before us, however, the Count rises in his own opinion so much, as the companion of the banished Napoleon, that it is difficult to discern, among his WE's, which of the two he reckons the greatest hero; but this will better appear as we go on with our extracts; and the diurnal form adopted by the writer, renders it more convenient to follow him in the same way, inter-

* Buonaparte himself seems to have entertained just opinions on this subject. Speaking of the Revolution, he thus expresses himself:
"'Even for myself, (said he,) how could I undertake to say that there might not have existed circumstances sufficiently powerful, notwithstanding my natural sentiments, to induce me to emigrate? The vicinity of the frontier, for instance, a friendly attachment, or the influence of a chief. 'In revolutions, we can only speak with certainty to what we have done: it is silly to affirm that we could not have acted otherwise.' The Emperor then related a singular example of the influence of chance over the destinies of men. Serrurier and the younger Hedouville, while travelling together on foot to emigrate into Spain, were met by a military patrol. Hedouville, being the younger and more active of the two, cleared the frontier, thought himself very lucky, and went to spend a life of mere vegetation in Spain. Serrurier, on the contrary, being obliged to return into the interior, bewailed his unhappy fate, and became a marshal:—such is the uncertainty of human foresight and calculations!"

spersing the observations that occur to us, than to digest them into a prefatory essay. This plan we will pursue.

Count Las Cases commences with an autobiography. He was of a noble family, and emigrated at the Revolution. In England he continued till the Peace of Amiens; and eked out (if as we suppose he, like others, received it,) the pension so nobly bestowed by British liberality on emigrants, by teaching the French language. On returning to France he furnished his late pupils, by way of corollary, with an example of French principles, for he tells us—

- - - "I freely and spontaneously transferred the zeal, loyalty, and attachment which I had constantly cherished for my old masters, to the new sovereign: the result of this step was my immediate admission at court.

"In this state of things, I felt extremely anxious that my recent protestations should be ratified by deeds. The English had invaded Flushing and threatened Antwerp; I therefore hastened to assist in the defence of the latter place, as a volunteer; and, on the subsequent evacuation of Flushing, my nomination to the office of chamberlain called me near the person of the Emperor." - - -

Thus, to prove his desertion of the Bourbons, and his devotedness to Buonaparte, this honest man could do no better than enrol himself as a volunteer to fight against the nation which had afforded him shelter and protection during the years of his adversity. He was justly rewarded and made a Chamberlain, which led to his appointment of State Councillor and other lucrative offices under the new dynasty. In 1814, we have seen, he was equally ready to serve the king; but being rejected, he became what he is, and the recorder of the events which personally befel his master after he reached the Elysée Palace, on the 20th June 1815, from the defeat of Waterloo. From this narrative we now select the most striking particulars, which are indeed of an extraordinary character and very entertaining, as well as deeply interesting.

June 29-30, Buonaparte was at Malmaison. "Towards noon, General Becker came from Paris, sent by the Provisional Government; he told us with feelings of indignation, that he had received a commission to guard and watch Napoleon.* A sentiment the most base had dictated this choice: Fouché knew that General Becker had a private pique against the Emperor, and therefore did not doubt of finding, in the former, one disposed to vengeance; it would be impossible for any man more grossly to deceive himself, as this officer constantly showed a degree of respect and attachment to the Emperor highly honourable to his own character."

At Saintes, Buonaparte and his suite were nearly torn to pieces; but at length we have them safe on board the Bellerophon; where the worthy Count confesses to have concealed his acquaintance with the English language, in order that he might act the spy more effectually.

"On reaching the Bellerophon (says he modestly) the captain had addressed us in French: I was not eager to inform him that I knew something of his own language. Some expressions which passed between him and his officers might have injured the negociation, had I seemed to understand them. When, a short time after, it was asked, whether we understood English, I allowed the Duke of Rovigo to reply in the negative. Our situation was quite sufficient to remove any scruples I might have otherwise entertained, rendering this little deception very pardonable. I only mention this circumstance, because, as I remained a fortnight amongst these people, I was compelled to impose a tiresome restraint upon myself, to avoid disclosing what I had concealed in the first instance."

With the double knowledge attained by these honourable arts, the testimony of the Count is extremely valuable on a point that has been much contested. On settling the terms on which Buonaparte was to be received on board the English frigate, he states:

- - - "Previous to our separating, the conference was summed up, by my repeating, that it was possible, from the state of affairs and his own intentions, the Emperor would avail himself of Captain Maitland's offer, so as to get safe-conducts for America. The latter begged it to be understood, that he would not guarantee the permission we demanded, being granted; upon which we departed. *To say the truth, I did not myself think it would be given.*" - - -

August 5 (Bellerophon at sea.) "While conversing with the Emperor in the evening, he gave me two proofs of confidence, but I cannot now confide them to paper.*"

"The name of Bonaparte may be spelt either *Bonaparte*, or *Buonaparte*; as all Italians know. Napoleon's father always introduced the u; and his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien (who survived Napoleon's father, and was a parent to Napoleon and his brothers,) at the same time, and under the same roof, wrote it *Bonaparte*. During his youth Napoleon followed the example of his father. On attaining the command of the Army of Italy, he took good care not to alter the orthography, which agreed with the spirit of the language; but at a later period, and when amongst the French, he wished to adopt their orthography, and thenceforth wrote his name Bonaparte."

The author expatiates on the rank and antiquity of the family. Among other things, he says,

"The Duke de Feltre, French Ambassador in Tuscany, brought the portrait of a Bonaparte who had married a princess of the Grand Duke's family. The mother of Pope Nicholas V. or Paul V. of Sarzana, was also a Bonaparte.

"It was a Bonaparte who negociated the treaty by which Leghorn was exchanged for Sarzana. It is to a Bonaparte that we are indebted for one of the oldest comedies written at the period of the revival of letters, intitled *The Widow*. It may still be seen in the Royal Library at Paris.†

"When Napoleon marched against Rome at the head of the French army, and received the propositions of the Pope at Tolentino, one of the negociators of the enemy observed, that he was the only Frenchman who had marched against Rome, since the Constable de Bourbon; but what rendered this circumstance still more singular, was, that the history of the first expedition was written by an ancestor of him who executed the second, that is to say, Monsignor Nicolas Bonaparte, who has in reality left us a work, called *The Sacking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon.* ‡"

The Count protests against the partiality of the Marlbeufs and Briennes to the young Buonaparte's being ascribed to scandalous motives; and asserts the virtue as well as beauty of *Madame Mere*. Charles (his father)

- - - "had been the very reverse of devout; he had even written some anti-religious poems; and yet at the period of his death, said the Emperor, there were not priests enough for him in Montpellier. In this respect he was very different from his brother Archdeacon Lucien, a very pious and orthodox ecclesiastic, who died long after him, at a very advanced age. On his death-bed, he took great umbrage at Feach, who, being by this time a priest, ran to him in his stole and surplice to assist him in his last moments. Lucien begged that he would suffer him to die in peace, and he breathed his last surrounded by the members of his family, giving them philosophic counsel and patriarchal benedictions."

"Napoleon, (we are gravely told) was born about noon on the 15th of August (the Assumption-Day) in the year 1769. His mother, who was possessed of great bodily as well as mental vigour, and who had braved the dangers of war during her pregnancy, wished to attend mass on account of the solemnity of the day; she was, however, taken ill at church, and on her return home was delivered before she could be conveyed to her chamber. The child as soon as it was born was laid on the carpet, which was an old-fashioned one, representing at full length

* The Prince of Eckmuhl's orders from the Commission of Government were "to cause him to be watched at Malmaison, to prevent his escape. For this purpose, you will place a requisite portion of gendarmerie and troops of the line, at the disposal of General Becker, so as to guard all the avenues leading to Malmaison in every direction. You will give orders to the chief inspector of gendarmerie to this effect. These measures must be kept as secret as possible.

"This letter is intended for yourself; but General Becker, who will be charged with delivering the resolutions to Napoleon, will receive particular instructions from your excellency, and inform Napoleon that they have been drawn up with a view to the interest of the state, and for the safety of his person; that their prompt execution is indispensable; and finally, that his future interests make them absolutely necessary."

* "There is however one of these proofs which I am now at liberty to disclose. While walking in the stern-gallery with the Emperor, at the usual hour, he drew from under his waistcoat, still conversing on a totally different subject, a species of girdle, which he handed to me, saying, "Take care of that for me;" without interrupting him, I placed it under my own waistcoat. The Emperor told me soon after, that it contained a diamond necklace, worth two hundred thousand francs, which Queen Hortensia forced him to accept on his leaving Malmaison."

* "Verified at the Royal Library: the MS. being really there, and the play itself printed."

† "Also verified at the Royal Library, where the account of the sacking of Rome is deposited, but by *James Buonaparte*, and not *Nicholas*. James was a contemporary and an ocular witness of the event: his manuscript was printed for the first time at Cologne, in 1756; and the volume actually contains a genealogy of the Bonapartes, which is carried back to a very remote period, and describes them as one of the most illustrious houses of Tuscany.

"The above genealogy presents a fact which is certainly of a very singular nature: it is that of the first Bonaparte having been exiled from his country as a *Ghibeline*. Was it, then, the destiny of this family, in all times, and at every epoch, that it must yield to the malignant influence of the *Guelfs!*"—[The malignant influence of a family which afforded the grateful Count an asylum and a livelihood.—*Ed.*]

the heroes of fable, or, perhaps, of the Iliad:—this child was Napoleon.

"In his boyhood Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively and agile in the extreme. He had gained, he used to say, the most complete ascendancy over his elder brother Joseph. The latter was beaten and ill-treated; complaints were carried to the mother, and she would begin to scold before poor Joseph had even time to open his mouth.

"At the age of ten, Napoleon was sent to the military school at Brienne. His name, which in his Corsican accent he pronounced as if written Napoillone, from the similarity of the sound, procured for him, among his youthful companions, the nick-name of *la paille au nez* (straw in his nose.)"

When a young officer at Valence, it is stated, "Napoleon got an early introduction to Madame du Colombier, a lady about fifty years of age, who was endowed with many rare and estimable qualities, and who was the most distinguished person in the town. - -

"Napoleon conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle du Colombier, who, on her part, was not insensible to his merits. It was the first love of both; and it was that kind of love which might be expected to arise at their age and with their education. 'We were the most innocent creatures imaginable,' the Emperor used to say; 'we contrived little meetings together: I well remember one which took place on a Midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn. It will scarcely be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together.' - - -

"Napoleon at this period performed what he termed his Sentimental Journey from Valence to Mont-Cenis in Burgundy, and he intended to write an account of it after the manner of Sterne. The faithful Desmazzis was of the party: he was constantly with him, and his narrative of Napoleon's private life, if combined with the details of his public career, would form a perfect history of the Emperor. - - -

"In September 1793, Napoleon Bonaparte, then in his twenty-fourth year, was yet unknown to the world which was destined to resound with his name. He was a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and had been only a few weeks in Paris; having left Corsica, where political events had forced him to yield to the faction of Paoli. The English had taken possession of Toulon; an experienced artillery-officer was wanting to direct the operations of the siege, and Napoleon was fixed on. There will history take him up, never more to leave him;—there commences his immortality."

During his voyage, Las Cases relates—

"I had undertaken to teach my son English; and the Emperor, to whom I mentioned the progress he was making, expressed a wish to learn also. I endeavoured to form a very simple plan for his instruction, in order to save him trouble. This did very well for two or three days; but the *ennui* occasioned by the study was at least equal to that which it was intended to counteract, and the English was laid aside. The Emperor occasionally reproached me with having discontinued my lessons; I replied that I had the medicine ready, if he had the courage to take it. - -

"Meanwhile the Emperor observed that I was very much occupied, and he even suspected the subject on which I was engaged. He determined to ascertain the fact, and obtained sight of a few pages of my journal: he was not displeased with it. Having alluded several times to the subject, he observed that such a work would be interesting rather than useful. The military events, for example, thus detailed, in the ordinary course of conversation, would be meagre, incomplete, and devoid of end or object: they would be mere anecdotes, frequently of the most puerile kind, instead of grand operations and results. I eagerly seized the favourable opportunity: I entirely concurred in his opinion, and ventured to suggest the idea of his dictating to me the campaigns of Italy. 'It would,' I observed, 'be a benefit to the country—a true monument of national glory. Our time is unemployed, our hours are tedious; occupation will help to divert us, and some moments may not be devoid of pleasure.' This idea became the subject of various conversations.

"At length the Emperor came to a determination, and on Saturday the 9th of September he called me into his cabin, and dictated to me, for the first time, some details respecting the siege of Toulon." - - -

"On the Emperor's second abdication, somebody who loved him for his own sake, and who knew his improvident disposition, eagerly enquired whether any measures had been taken for his future support. Finding that no provision had been made, and that Napoleon remained absolutely destitute, a contribution was made, and four or five millions were raised for him, of which M. Lafitte became the depositary.

"At the moment of his departure from Malmaison, the solicitude of Napoleon's real friends was no less serviceable to him.—An individual, aware of the disorder and confusion of our situation, wished to ascertain whether the little treasure had been forwarded to its destination. What was his astonishment on learning that the carriage in which it had been placed, was left in a coach-house at Malmaison. A new difficulty arose: the key of the coach-house was not to be found; and the embarrassment occasioned by this unexpected circumstance delayed our departure for some moments. M. Lafitte wished immediately to give the Emperor a receipt for the sum; but Napoleon would not accept it—saying, 'I know you, M. Lafitte—I know that you did not approve of my government; but I consider you as an honest man.'

"M. Lafitte seems to have been doomed to be the depositary of the funds of unfortunate Monarchs. Louis XVIII. on his departure for Ghent, also placed a considerable sum of money in his hands. On Napoleon's arrival, on 20th March, M. Lafitte was sent for by the Emperor, and questioned respecting the deposit, which he did not deny. On his expressing his apprehension lest a reproach should be intended to be conveyed in the questions which had been put to him;—'None,' said the Emperor: 'that money belonged personally to the King, and private affairs are totally distinct from political matters.' - - -

"One afternoon, the sailors caught an enormous shark. The Emperor enquired the cause of the great noise and confusion which he suddenly heard over head; being informed of what had occurred, he expressed a wish to have a sight of the sea-monster. He accordingly went up to the poop, and incautiously approached too near the animal, which by a sudden movement knocked down four or five of the sailors, and had well nigh broke the Emperor's legs. He descended the larboard gangway, covered with blood; we thought he was severely hurt, but it proved to be only the blood of the shark." [We have heard it mentioned, that the Tars laughed heartily, and declared "there were a pair of them."]

At page 242, the diary of the voyage ends; and the remainder of the volume is occupied with a journal from the 19th Oct. 1815, when the prisoner was landed at St. Helena, to the 9th Dec., the day preceding his removal to Longwood. From our extracts it will be seen that the Work is very miscellaneous, embracing not only the events of the period, but all the retrospections, &c. of Buonaparte which he uttered in conversation. It will also be discovered that a considerable number of the anecdotes have previously crept into notoriety through various channels (as far as our memory serves we have endeavoured to avoid these,) and especially in the Memoirs published by Mr. Brockhaws (in 1818) from documents derived from Las Cases himself. Still, however, there is a sufficient quantity of new matter; and we are only indebted to its unconnected shape for the ability to close our volume with a complete review, and yet take up the Work anew with the new year.—We finish with the most curious fact in the whole—

At Briars—"Immediately after dinner the Emperor walked in his favourite path. He had his coffee carried down to him in the garden, and he drank it as he walked about. The conversation turned on love. I must have made some very fine and sentimental remarks on this important subject; for the Emperor laughed at what he styled my poetics, and said that he understood none of my romantic verbiage. Then speaking with an air of levity, he wished to make me believe that he was better acquainted with sensations than sentiments. I made free to remark, that he was trying to be thought worse than he was described to be in the authentic but very secret accounts that were circulated about the palace. 'And what was said of me?' resumed he, with an air of gaiety. 'Sire,' I replied, 'it is understood, that when in the summit of your power, you suffered yourself to be enslaved by the chains of love; that you became a hero of romance.—In short, that you conceived an attachment for a lady in humble circumstances; that you wrote her above a dozen love-letters; and that her power over you prevailed so far as to compel you to disguise yourself, and to visit her secretly and alone, at her own residence in the heart of Paris.'—'And how came this to be known?' said he, smiling; which of course amounted to an admission of the fact. 'And it was doubtless added,' continued he, 'that that was the most imprudent act of my whole life; for had my mistress proved treacherous, what might not have been my fate—alone and disguised, in the circumstances in which I was placed, amidst the snares with which I was surrounded? But what more is said of me?'—'Sire, it is affirmed that your Majesty's posterity is not confined to the King of Rome. The secret chronicle states that he has two elder brothers: one, the offspring of a fair foreigner, whom you loved in a dis-

—These dictations are now also in the course of publication; but we have taken up first the more personal and interesting work.

tant country; the other, the fruit of a connexion nearer at hand, in the bosom of your own capital. It was asserted, that both had been conveyed to Malmaison, before our departure; the one brought by his mother, and the other introduced by his tutor; and they were described to be the living portraits of their father.'*.

"The Emperor laughed much at the extent of my information, as he termed it; and being now in a merry vein, he began to take a frank retrospect of his early years, relating many of the love-affairs and humorous adventures in which he had been engaged."

* It is said that a codicil in the Emperor's will, which, however, must remain secret, completely confirms the above conjectures.

Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor at St. Helena, and Historical Miscellanies, vol. i. *dictated to the Count de Montholon.* Same Publishers, &c. as the foregoing. 8vo. pp. 377.

We have only space to mention this work as one of the Napoleonic budget now bringing forth. It is to be followed by others under the same title, and contains strictures on Iomini's well known Military Treatise; accounts of the battles of Lodi, Rivoli, &c. and of the German Campaign of 1797. It has also remarks injurious to the military reputation of Moreau, and the discussion of many other political and historical subjects of high importance thrown together, as internal evidence pretty clearly shows, in a desultory but authentic manner from the mouth of Buonaparte himself, during six years of his exile. A large appendix of state papers swells the volume, which may be considered as furnishing the rough materials for 20 years' history contained in

Memoirs of Napoleon, &c. 1st vol. pp. 404.

This is the fourth and last volume now published of the above series; and is also to be continued. It commences with the military operations of 1792, the siege of Toulon, and goes through the events of the 18th Brumaire, the accession of the consuls, and the campaigns that were closed by the battle of Marengo and the triumphant return of Napoleon to Paris.

CAMPAIGNS OF 1813-14.

[*Fourth paper and conclusion.*]

Paris being threatened, almost possessed, it was now the critical time for Napoleon to resort to diplomacy. "Marshal Mortier received an order from him, despatched on the 29th from the bridge of Dolencourt, to negotiate directly with Prince Schwarzenberg for a suspension of hostilities, upon the ground that Monsieur de Caulincourt had been sent to the Emperor of Austria with proposals of peace, such as the Allies had stated themselves to be ready to assent to.

"An answer, such as might have been expected at such a period, was returned, declaratory of the perfect union amongst the Allies, and of their determination to regulate their conduct according to the declaration which had been issued after the ruptnre of the negotiations at Chatillon. A short time after this communication had taken place, an aid-de-camp of Marshal Marmont reached the ground where the sovereigns and Prince Schwarzenberg were assembled, and proposed an armistice, stipulating the surrender of all the positions without the walls of Paris, and the evacuation of the town by the French troops in the course of the night.

"These conditions having been agreed to, a cessation of hostilities was immediately directed; the successes, however, of Count Langeron were not arrested till he had driven General Belliard from Clignancourt, and with the divisions of Generals Kapzewitsch and Rudzewitsch had carried the heights of Montmartre and the fanbourg of Batignoles, and had pushed his right, under General Emmanuel, to the barrier of Neuilly. - - -

- - - "The Allies bivouaqued for the night, anxiously awaiting the triumphant recompense of their efforts, in the occupation of Paris, which, without defence, now lay prostrate before them. This seat of empire, whence destruction had been hurled on the various countries from which the soldiers who composed the army before her walls had been collected, was now doomed to feel the weight of an hostile occupation. - - -

"Towards day-break on the 31st (March,) the municipality of Paris arrived at the headquarters of the Allies at Bondy, with the view of obtaining whatsoever alleviation they were able, in the future occupation of their capital. Amongst the persons who composed it, it was singular to observe Monsieur de Caulincourt, who the day before had been stated to be on a distant mission. This negotiator, when Buonaparte became acquainted with the capitulation of Paris, was directed by him to seize whatever opportunity his acquaintance with the Emperor of Russia might afford, to obtain a peace upon the conditions France had refused at Chatillon, or to receive from him any other proposals he could be induced to offer; he was, however, obliged to return with an understanding, that the Allies would no longer treat with the Sovereign he came to represent.*"

The fitting arrangements being made, "the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwarzenberg at the head of detachments from all the corps of the army, entered Paris, and proceeding along the boulevards from the Porte St. Martin to the Champs Elysées, passed their troops in review there, while the cavalry under Count Pahlen, and General Emmanuel, pursued the French on the road to Fontainebleau, as far as Juvisy and Antony.

"To conceive the singularity of the scene which presented itself on this occasion, it must be recollected, that since the Allies had entered France they had never met with any very marked demonstration of national feeling; except from the peasantry, who at a distance from the general operations of the war, and exasperated by the conduct of the troops detached from the main army, had at times shewn considerable hostility. They had seldom witnessed the expression of any satisfaction on their entry into any of the considerable towns they had taken possession of; nor had any sentiments of a contrary nature been manifested. In entering the capital of the country, little variation from this line of conduct was expected. As Paris had, however, been the focus of the Revolution; as it was supposed to contain every class of persons, who, through the changes of the previous twenty years, had rendered themselves conspicuous, and had either directed or profited by the convulsions of their country, a feeling of more hostility was rather expected from it than from the places which had already been occupied. A few moments indeed before the entry of the sovereigns, a subaltern officer, escaping from the town in considerable alarm, approached the Grand Duke Constantine, and assured him he had been fired upon, and that the interior of the town was in open insurrection. This statement was but little attended to, and was not communicated to the Emperor of Russia, but it served to heighten the contrast which was immediately afterwards exhibited. From the first moment of the entry of the troops, the populace assembled in crowds within the barriers of Pantin, commenced a general applause, which, seconded by the immepse number of persons collected in the streets and houses, lasted during the whole passage of the Allies to the Champs Elysées, and continued there while the troops were defiling. It is impossible to describe the apparent enthusiasm of this expression of popular feeling; every rank of persons took their share in it, many officers were observed as being conspicuous, and the rich vied with the lower classes in proclaiming their joy at the political change about to be effected. The display of the white cockade, which first took place near the Porte St. Martin, was received with universal acclamations.

"During the passage of the troops, an individual in the crowd called out 'A bas la statue,' a sentiment in which a considerable number of persons appearing to coincide, they moved in a body to the Place Vendome, where having placed a cord round the neck of Buonaparte's statue, they endeavoured to displace it. This attempt was the only one expressive of hostility to the late government which, in the course of the day was not generally approved; few persons were added to the original number employed in the proceeding, so that the weight of metal bid defiance to the assailants, and the statue, for some days at least, remained. It was covered with a white sheet, which being told to Buonaparte, he is reported to have said of the Parisians,—'Ils font bien de me cacher leur honte.'"

The exertions made by Buonaparte to reach the capital, so soon as he was made aware of the allied movements, were prodigious. He turned back on the corps of Winzingerode, which he had hitherto mistaken for the whole of Prince Schwarzenberg's force, and routed it with the loss of 2000 men. He then pushed on with a small escort to Fontainebleau, but all too late—the capitulation was over, and Paris occupied. It was the 1st of April before his army was reassembled at Fontainebleau; and by the 3d he had re-organized it, with the determination to hoist the tricoloured cockade and advance upon Paris. It might once more have fallen into his hands, for—

* "It was at Bar sur Aube on the 22d of March that the first communications from persons in Paris attached to the cause of the Bourbons was received by the Allies; they were brought by two individuals, and purported that if the cause of the ancient royal family of France was espoused by the Allied Sovereigns, they might rest assured that aid and assistance would be afforded to them; it was consequently determined to place the Provinces of France which were occupied by the Foreign armies, the revenue of which was estimated at 142,232,800 francs, under the government of the Comte D'Artois, and a communication to that effect was made to him, at the same time that he was invited to repair from Vesoul, where he had till then remained, to Nancy."

"Notwithstanding (says Lord B.) the Allied army had taken up a position in front of that capital, considerable doubts were entertained as to the propriety of accepting a general battle in such a situation. The immense population which would hang upon the rear of the Allies, and which might at any moment become hostile, was the chief ground upon which these doubts were founded; as soon, however, as the French authorities, who had taken a lead in the revolution, became aware of their existence, they hesitated not in declaring, that the French army would, in this instance, as it had on all former occasions, obey the constituted government of the country; and, consequently, when the orders were issued, that it would abstain from farther hostilities. These assurances were received with considerable reserve; upon mature reflection, however, it was determined by the Allies not to withdraw their army from the ground it occupied."

Some negotiations at this period, opened with Marshal Marmont, encouraged a belief in the predictions of the French authorities; but, after all, it appears that this General's corps was brought over to the Allied lines by General Souham without his knowledge, while he was engaged in treating on behalf of Buonaparte; and that the influence thus produced on the mighty question at issue, is not attributable to his direction. Ney and Caulincourt pressed the wishes of Buonaparte the longest; but at last they abandoned them when the defection of Marmont's corps was ascertained, the cause of which is thus stated:

- - - "This was brought about in consequence of a message sent by Buonaparte, in the night of the 4th, to General Souham, desiring his immediate attendance at Fontainebleau. Since this officer had been a party to the convention agreed to between Marshal Marmont and Prince Schwarzenberg, he is understood to have suspected that some report upon the subject had reached the head-quarters, for which reason he had been sent for. Communicating his suspicions to the other general officers, who, like himself, had been concerned in this transaction, it was agreed amongst them, that the stipulations of the convention should at once be fulfilled; and consequently, after taking precautions against any movement from the side of Fontainebleau, they formed their troops on the morning of the 5th, General Bordessoulle leading with his cavalry, the infantry and artillery following, and General Chastel with a brigade of cavalry in the rear; and in this order marched to Fresnes, and thence to Versailles. - - -

"On the morning of the 5th, General Souham not appearing, Buonaparte despatched another messenger to require his attendance, from whom, upon his return, he learnt the measure which had been adopted by that officer, and by the troops under his orders; he immediately sent for General Belliard, and expressing the feelings of grief and indignation with which he was oppressed, desired him to proceed to the advanced posts, and to make those arrangements for the protection of his front which became necessary. At the same time, being persuaded that, with his army now so reduced as not to exceed from 30 to 35,000 men, he could no longer maintain the position he occupied, he gave directions for its retreat on the following morning, behind the Loire."

This was, however, rendered unnecessary by Buonaparte's acceptance of the conditions offered him by the Allies. The new Constitution was decreed on the 5th of April, the provisional government established, and the white cockade assumed by the National Guard on the 9th. - - - "On the 11th, the Comte d'Artois made his triumphal entry into Paris; and on the 14th, he received from the Provisional Government, as the King's Lieutenant, the sovereign authority of the country. On the same day on which the Comte d'Artois was received with universal acclamations in the capital, Buonaparte's Commissioners carried to him, at Fontainebleau, the treaty which they had signed in his behalf, with the ministers of the Allied Powers. - - - -

"Having signed this instrument, he recommended to the officers about him to attach themselves to the dynasty which was now called to govern them. He spoke favourably of Louis XVIII., and believing him to be a person of considerable talent, augured well of the system of government he would pursue. Many of the difficulties he would have to contend against, however, he thought he would have some difficulty in overcoming. The intrigues of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Imperial Guard, were amongst those which would cause him the greatest annoyance; yet, by firmness and prudence, they were to be got the better of. At the termination of this discourse, Buonaparte gave permission to those about him to proceed to Paris whenever they desired it, recommending those who remained to send in their adhesion to the new government.

"In conformity with this permission, Marshal Berthier immediately transmitted the adhesion of the army, promising its fidelity to the Prince whom the French nation had recalled to the throne of his ancestors.

"Such was the extraordinary termination of the French Revolution. Splendid as were many of the achievements by which it was marked, rivetted as it was considered to be in the feelings of the vast majority of the French people, yet it passed away, seemingly without a struggle. From the moment the French capital was occupied by the Allies, peace and good will seemed at once established among the various people, so singularly brought together, and so lately in violent hostility to each other. The spirit of conquest and oppression, from which had flowed such vast desolation throughout the world, seemed at once to be extinguished. Though vengeance and the desire of war were still the feelings by which the French armies were animated, yet at Paris these sentiments were absorbed in the general joy and satisfaction of every class of its inhabitants. Gratitude to the Allies, for the magnanimity of their conduct, was the constant source of popular declamation. - - - -

"We have now conducted these memoirs to their termination. To recapitulate the events which succeeded to the cessation of hostilities, would only be to repeat what has already in so many shapes been related. For the glory of England, and to complete the renown already acquired by her armies, the spirit of the Revolution had not so completely subsided in France, as not to afford another opportunity of triumphing over the great military character, who at this period seemed for ever to have been deprived of the means of disturbing the tranquillity of the world. But to those, who were fortunate enough to have been actors in the memorable scene of Waterloo, devolves the task of transmitting its details. Be it permitted, however, here to remark, that when Buonaparte quitted Fontainebleau, unaccompanied by any escort, and conducted only by the four commissioners appointed by the Allies, with whom he traversed the greater part of the French Empire, no human foresight could have predicted that he would again appear the uncontrolled ruler and governor of a people, who with so much indifference and unconcern allowed him to be taken from amongst them."

We have nothing to add to this modest and admirable peroration. Our task too is concluded; and we have only to state, (having within the month given the epitome we proposed) that a valuable Appendix and maps and plans contribute to render this Work still more worthy of its author, and of his country, grateful to him for having produced it.

[Lord B. pays a high tribute to the good qualities of Prince Schwarzenberg, and does not forget our admired friend the veteran Blucher. As anecdotes of this fine old man when in this country, we do not think the following are known:—Once when the populace had taken his horses out, and drawn his carriage about Town, they got tired, and left the General in the lurch in Oxford-street. He was obliged to get home in a hackney-coach; and next day hit upon an expedient to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident—"Dam, dey shall not do me so agen," said he, and ordered the traces to be nailed to the pole!—One of his female levees at St. James's had outlasted his patience, and he bid his attendant admit no more company. Still, however, some ladies would press up stairs; but the faithful Chamberlain fronted them and pushed them down, exclaiming, "No, Miss, no Miss—my master is fatigue—he cannot kiss no more today."]

HOLSTEIN.*

Druidical Antiquities—Account of the Vandal Tribe of Probstay—Klopstock,—conclusion.

Mr. Downes having quitted Hamburg in July 1820, journied into the Danish territory of Holstein, where travelling is not so convenient as in Mecklenburg. His first object of importance was to visit the remarkable remains of ancient times and Gentile rites at Albersdorff, on the North-western confines of the Province, which are mentioned in the Preface to Grose's Antiquities of Ireland. Having sought for the very name of the village in vain, he, at length, after passing from Itzehoe through a dreary country, with here and there unopened Hünengräber or Sepulchral hillocks, found it within a quarter of a mile of Gründal, in a pleasant situation. The following is his account of it—

"The 'Spouse's Plain,' which is adjacent to a by-road, is an oblong field inclosed with hedges, and nearly encompassed with trees. Near the middle of it is a hollow, which is partially occupied by the hillock on which the Druids' altar stands.

"It has long been controverted whether those altars which abound throughout Ireland be of Irish or Danish structure. The exact conformity between this celebrated one at Albersdorff, and all those I have ever seen in my own country, seems to confirm the latter supposition. It is of granite, — and consists of the usual number of five large stones, supporting a slab or table which is much larger. The chamber within is circular. All round the bottom of the hillock grows a variety of foliage—oaks, thorns, sloe-trees, &c." - - -

* Downes's Letters, 8vo.

Grose's information from M. Dethleve seems to have been very incorrect: Mr. D. continues—

. . . " My travelling companion had, during my absence, been endeavouring to discover the origin of the name *De Brut-Kamp*. The first ancient of the village whom he interrogated had appeared astonished at the simplicity of the question, and replied: 'Sure every thing has its name, just as my name is Meier!' The next, who happened to be more intelligent, mentioned a fading tradition—that marriages used to be celebrated there in the open air; which is partly corroborated by Dethleve's statement—' that it was customary to offer sacrifices on these cromlechs before a person began ploughing, and before he was married.' The old man added—that he himself, having been once in possession of the land, had intended to cut the table into small pieces for paving—but that his 'majesty of Denmark,' accidentally learning his design, had issued a prohibitory mandate, which guarantees for ever the *integrity* of the table and its appurtenances!" . . .

From Kiel our author took an excursion to the Probstey Preetz, the inhabitants of which are held to be of Wendish* origin, and retain perhaps more tenaciously than any race now existent the customs of their Vandal ancestry.

This primitive district lies on the East of the *Fiord*; and on entering it you are struck by the peculiarity of the physiognomy and dress of the people, who are of large stature, and in features unlike either the Danes or Germans.

" Even the young girls (says Mr. D.) wear in the heat of summer a multitude of thick petticoats—so that some of them actually appear to be furnished with hoops. They have bodices, generally richly ornamented with satin and needle-work. The black hats, which they used to wear, have been exchanged for the gold and silver-embroidered caps of the Holstein peasantry. But the most remarkable part of their garb is the stockings, which are of a woollen texture, with the fleecy part outside. These, like the ascitious petticoats, are worn in the most sultry weather. The shoes are so small as scarcely to cover more than the toes. The women are generally handsome, but have a very unprepossessing and almost undefinable expression (which, for want of a more explanatory term, I shall call shrewdness,) very different from the openness of countenance which characterises the males. They are very ambitious of a fair complexion, which they consider the highest beauty. Their hair is mostly light brown, and as fine as flax." . . .

" Until within the last forty years, the Probsteiers maintained in their little territory an exclusive policy—to be paralleled perhaps only by that of the Chinese. The slightest intercourse with strangers,—the most trifling infringement upon national usage—was forbidden." . . .

" It was rarely that a maiden of the *Probstey* bestowed her hand upon one born beyond the pale: and, when the fascinations of the stranger were found more powerfully influential than national example and national prejudice, the degenerate nymph was consigned to everlasting contempt—if not infamy." . . .

" Among the customs now obsolete was that of the *Fensterbier* ['window-beer.'] On making an additional window in a new building, or even altering an old one, a festive dance accompanied the solemnity. Sometimes an entire window was presented to the new housekeeper; on one of the panes of which the name of the donor, the date of the gift, and several fanciful emblems were inscribed. Some of these windows, as old as the sixteenth century, are still existing, but the inscriptions on the panes are no longer decipherable.

" On the occasion of baptising a child (especially when the family was of consequence,) the sponsors, accompanied by several females, were obliged to drive in two carriages and four through the several villages intervening between their own and the *Kirchdorf* ['church-village'] — galloping at full speed, and hozzaing with all their might. At present matters are conducted more soberly. On the day of the christening, that god-mother whose office it may be to hold the child, approaches the mother's bed, receives the infant from her, and turns it round thrice, repeating—in the dialect of the district:—' *Heid' nehm ick Dick weg, Christ bring' ick Dick wedder,*'† At the dinner which succeeds this ceremony, the chief god-father brings a cut of bread and roast meat, with a glass of wine and a piece of money, to the mother; who becomes hereby released from the beer-soup —the sole aliment of which she had been, during the period of her confinement, permitted to taste. Malt potations appear to have formed an essential part of all ceremonial observances. The churching of women had also its appropriate boozing-match, termed the *Karkbier* ['church-beer.'] The *Probstey* was indeed in this respect once a perfect Valhalla."

Their Kösten or marriages were celebrated with still more curious traditional ceremonies—

" According to an old custom, termed the *Brudschatt-Sammlin* ['bridal-ornament collection,'] in disuse since the year 1794, the betrothed pair were obliged, previously to their marriage, to go round all the villages of the *Probstey*—bearing a staff and pillow-case, and preceded by a woman carrying a sack. Thus equipped, they entered almost all the cottages, gleaning various articles suited to the exigencies of young housekeepers—a usage which, it may be easily imagined, operated as a severe tax in seasons fertile of wedlock."

Every soul in the Probstey was personally invited by the bride and bridegroom—

" A little before the wedding, the *Waar* or dowry was brought to the bridegroom's house, which ceremony was denominated the *Brudkistenfahren* ['conveyance of the bride-chest.'] The future husband conducted one chariot and four,—another was guided by the father, or brother of the bride—or else by the *Baukvecht* of the father's farm, a sort of steward or overseer. The driver was presented with a yellow silk kerchief, which he wore in front of his hat folded into a square form. In one of the waggons three large chests were stowed, containing flax, linen, raiment, and embroidered curtains. So extensive was the wardrobe, that it not only supplied the young housewife for life, but in part descended to her heirs. Wooden stools, carved with the name of the bride and date of the year, were placed round the chests. In each waggon sat a young girl—the one holding a distaff, the other some article of household furniture. In the back of the waggons the beds were laid: and on these sat musicians, who performed at intervals during the progress of the cavalcade."

The bride's dress was superb and picturesque—her maids were, by way of contrast, clothed in black, as were also the men who led the procession—

" Before the final departure of the bride, the parents walked slowly into the principal apartment—called the *lütte Dönse*—in which the chests were deposited, and seated themselves. When all was ready, the bride entered the room to take a last farewell. During this ceremony, the musicians always performed some slow and solemn movement, such as Prince Eugene's March,—and the whole company frequently melted into tears.

" The bridegroom and his merrymen now set forward on horseback." . . .

They rode about furiously, a custom, by the by, still practised in the Northern parts of Britain. On the return of the train from church,

. . . " a contest for precedency took place between the newly-married pair. Upon this a stripling with his head uncovered stepped forth, bearing a bottle of wine, and a glass,—which having filled, he pledged one of the bridesmen; who, after drinking, passed the glass to the bridegroom. From his hands the bride in her turn received it; who, after draining its contents, tossed it over her head. If the glass escaped being broken, it was considered of bad omen. After these preliminaries, one of the bridesmen taking off the husband's hat placed it on the head of the bride; who for this moment possessed the mastery, but immediately after renounced it for ever." . . .

" Besides the personages already detailed, the following assisted in case of a great nuptial solemnity.

" 1. Two youths, wearing the *Duvel*—a sort of handkerchief—wrapt round the head. These attended at dinner, and distributed pipes between the courses.

" 2. Two maids, bare-headed, who also served at table,—and, in early times, always accompanied the presentation of each dish with these words:—' *Freut Jack, wi bringt Klümp.*'‡

" 3. Two boys, from ten to twelve years of age, nearly related to the married parties. These bore tin cans to supply the jugs, and were hence called *Schenkers* ['drawers' or 'tapsters.']

" At dinner the bride and bridegroom sat at opposite sides of the table, a large family candlestick and other matters being placed between them, to prevent them from seeing one another. The different viands were—pork with little dumplings, called *drög Klümp* —in High-German *Klösen* (a very favourite ingredient of German dinners)—then chicken-broth, which was removed by *Marktfesch*, consisting of beef and horse-radish — and, lastly, fowl and roast pork, served up with rice boiled to a thick consistence. Between the courses smoking and dancing were introduced.

Money was collected after the repast; dancing followed, and " frequently the lights were extinguished, and a game resembling blind-man's-buff enamed—every one trying to catch the bride. When the capture was at length effected, the successful female hurried with her, amid a peal of music, into the

* Other authors say Frizian.

† A heathen I take thee away—a Christian I will bring thee back.

‡ Enjoy yourselves, we bring dumplings.

apartment called *die leute Diren*,—in which the bridegroom and a few of the women had been left sitting. Here she was invested with a cap, after which her health was drunk by the husband. All ears were now attentive, as the important question whether she would adopt the habit of addressing her spouse in the singular or plural number was decided by her reply to his pledging; which was either '*Gelt Dick*' or '*Gelt Juck*'.—'Much good may it do *thee*,' or 'Much good may it do *you*.' After dancing a couple of sets, she was conducted to the marriage-chamber."

The funerals of the Probsteiers are also peculiar, and their national dances retain many original characteristics. The territory contains twenty-four villages, and a population of about six thousand.

Mr. Downes gives an interesting account of a visit to Klopstock's widow, which we are sorry our limits prevent us from inserting. We can give but one literary anecdote of the Poet himself:

"Klopstock, who was an extensive linguist, and sufficiently jealous of his reputation as a poet, critically scrutinized the different translations of 'The Messiah.' Of these the Dutch appeared to him the best: the Italian he also considered good: but, as for the English (which is continued only through a few books,) he used to say—"they have not *übersetzt*, but *übelsetzt* me.—To this pleasantry I cannot find a nearer parallel than by stating—that the immortal work of the Colliyers (now ranked in pocket editions among the British classics,) was deemed by the author of the original to be not so much a *version* as a *perversion* of his standard poem,—the work of *traditori* not *traduttori*, as some Italian has observed of the English translators of Camoens."

We must now take our leave of this unpretending and agreeable volume, which affords us a picture of German simplicity and honesty in a characteristic manner. The author is perhaps occasionally a little too sentimental and poetical, but altogether his work has pleased us much. It is adorned with some pretty designs on Indian paper.

LITERATURE, ETC.

EGYPTIAN MEASURE-STANDARD.

Extract of a Memoir of M. Jomard, on a Metrical Standard adorned with Hieroglyphics, found in the Ruins of Memphis by M. Drovetti, Consul-General of France in Egypt.

One of the institutions most important to public economy in a civilized country being undoubtedly the system of national Measures, I had endeavoured to discover that which was in force in Egypt in remote antiquity. Before I added to my ideas new developments, and offered them to the learned and the public, who are at present so eager to search into Egyptian antiquities, I waited, in hopes that some happy chance might put us in possession of a metrical standard, and afford us a means of comparison with the graduated scale discovered by my colleague M. Girard. This hope has just been realized by the indefatigable and enlightened zeal of M. Drovetti. I immediately proceed to the precious monument of Egyptian mensuration with which he has enriched the learned world. It was at Memphis that M. Drovetti obtained this piece, which is a *cubit* in the form of a thick rule, made of wood of Meroë. It is wholly covered on three faces with hieroglyphics, divisions, and figures, and seems to be in perfect preservation. Its thickness is nine lines: this thickness is occupied on one side by a long frieze of hieroglyphics, and on the other by divisions engraved on the edge. Lastly, the flat (side) of the rule is covered, 1st, by another frieze of hieroglyphics; 2d, by three bands (stripes,) each divided into twenty-eight parts. Almost all these eighty-four divisions (or parts) are covered with characters of the sacred writing. These characters are incrusted to the depth of half a line, and filled with a white stucco. The workmanship and design are equally good, and the beauty of the hieroglyphics adds to the importance of this antique Measure. The third and last band, which is near the edge, contains nothing but hieroglyphic figures (ciphers,) as well as the hieroglyphic which, in my opinion, signifies *cubit*. The first division from right to left contains the number 2, the second the number 3, the third the number 4, and so on to the fifteenth division, which contains the number 16. All these numbers are engraved exactly according to the manner which I have explained on another occasion.

The other thirteen divisions must be taken from left to right: in fact, besides that the sign *cubit*, which is not in the first fifteen divisions, is in all these, and always in the same direction, we read above the first, and in larger figures, the Number 1, above the second, number 2, above the third, number 3, and above the fourth a hand without a thumb, expressing the number 4. In these first four divisions from the left the sign *cubit* is accompanied by a small dash, whereas in the following nine it is accompanied by two dashes, an arrangement which is extremely remarkable. I proceed to the divisions marked on the edge, corresponding with the fifteen divisions only which I described above, and which go from right to left: corresponding with the first division there are two spaces marked by a line; with the 2d, three; with the 3d, four; with the 4th, six; with the 5th, seven; with the 6th, eight; with the 7th, nine; with the 8th, ten; with the 9th, ten; with the 10th, twelve; with the 11th, twelve; with the 12th, thirteen; with the 13th, thirteen; with the 14th, fourteen; and with the 15th, sixteen. Thus we see that there is some irregularity in the manner in which the divisions proceed; but the important point is, that the relation is generally observed, and that the two extreme divisions contain really two and sixteen subdivisions, as the hieroglyphic figures placed above them require. I must observe that these subdivisions are very crowded in the last divisions; on the 15th, each part is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of a millimetre.

For the sake of precision and simplicity, I compare the absolute size of the instrument found at Memphis, and that of its divisions, with the French metre. Measured on the upper flat side the cubit is $0^m,529$ long, on the lower side the same; but measured on the edge, about half a millimetre more, or $0^m,5295$; but the execution of the upper side of the rule appears extremely precise, and there is no reason to depart from the exact measure which it furnishes uniformly on the two flat sides.

We observe that the twenty-eight divisions are not of equal size. On the left side the first four are larger, those that follow smaller. The mean size of the first is $0^m,01925$, or 19$\frac{1}{2}$ millemetres; that of the others 18$\frac{1}{2}$.

In examining the Cubit found at Memphis, it would be difficult not to recognise that the divisions of which it is composed answer to so many digits; the number of these parts is indeed twenty-eight; whereas that of the digits of the ancient cubit was twenty-four, according to Herodotus, S. Epiphanius, and all the authors who have spoken on the subject of the Egyptian system; but the measure itself will reply to this difficulty. In effect, let us suppose that two measures of the cubit were in use at successive periods, or in different parts of Egypt, it is natural that the artist should have marked on the standard of the most recent measure, the absolute value of the digits of the ancient measure; and this is what is clearly written on our cubit. On the left, the hieroglyphic numbers, 1, 2, 3, are inscribed in the first three divisions in a very striking manner, I. II. III.; their length together is equal to $0^m,058$, or three digits of the ancient cubit, each of 19$\frac{1}{2}$ millimetres. If we measure the rest of the rule, we find $0^m,462$, which is exactly equal to this same ancient cubit, and to twenty-four digits of the same measure. Thus the cubit of Memphis makes exactly twenty-seven digits of the ancient cubit, or one cubit and a quarter.

These first three digits are below the commencement of the great hieroglyphic frieze on the left, from which side, as we have said, the characters proceed; and the only ones that are marked in this manner. The numerical characters are strokes twice as large as the others, and they are also doubled. Lastly, the hieroglyphic *cubit*, which is below, is marked with the sign I., that is the first or ancient cubit. It is nearly in the same manner that, in the monument of Rosetta, the first temples are marked with the sign I., the second with the sign II., and the third with the sign III., and, in fact, after the first four digits on the left, which, as I have already said, are longer, the following are all smaller, and below these new digits, the hieroglyphic cubit is marked with the sign II., that is to say, the *second* or later cubit. Now this indication of the second cubit is continued to the last of the numbered divisions, which begin at the right.

Another remark seems to me too striking to be passed over in silence. The fourth division on the left is marked by a hand without a thumb; which is evidently the sign of the palm. Thus beginning at the left and counting four divisions, we have the entire palm of four digits: Now this is the ancient palm: its length is $0^m,077 = 4 \times 0^m,01925$. These four divisions therefore are appropriated to the palm, or quadruple digit; what confirms it is, that each of them bears the mark 4, which does not occur elsewhere. It is clear then that it has been repeated in each of these first digits, to show that they all belong to the ancient palm; and they measure indeed 19$\frac{1}{2}$ millimetres, and the number four is every where accompanied by the mark *first cubit*, while the nine following all bear the mark *second cubit*. Thus we find marked upon the instrument the length of the first cubit, of its palm, and its digit.

I have described above, the divisions on the edge of the rule, and said that the last, numbered sixteen, is however only the fifteenth. This is a fact, the explanation of which is very simple. Without some means like that employed by the artist, it would not have been easy to count such numerous divisions. When thirds of digits were wanted, they were found under number 3, fourths under number4,

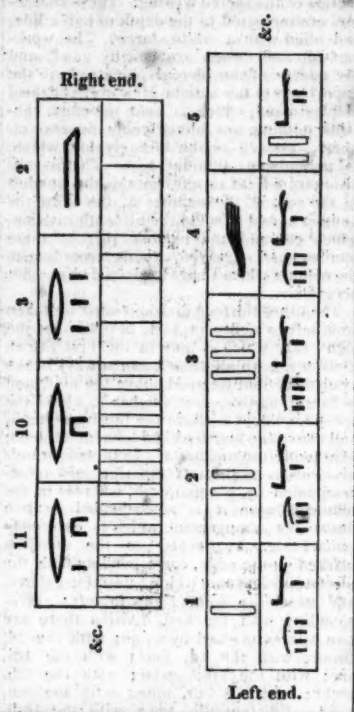
tenths under number 10, twelfths under number 12, sixteenths under number 16.

It has been thought that the digit, or 24th part of the cubit, was the last subdivision of the Egyptian measures: but this opinion was gratuitous, and even contrary to several passages which I have quoted in explaining the ancient metrical system. The instrument found at Memphis fully confirms my opinion on this point. We see the digit divided by lines more or less near to each other, so as to furnish the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{7}$, &c. up to $\frac{1}{16}$. The denominator of each fraction is equal to the rank of the digits of the cubit + 1.

The extent of the second pyramid, called that of *Cephrenes*, measured on the socle of the north face, is 208^m; if we take the 400th part of this length, we have 0^m,520. Is it not very remarkable, that this should be precisely the length of the instrument of Memphis? It is thus that the base of the great pyramid of *Cheops* is 400 times the *pyk belady*, or cubit of the country. The third pyramid, or *Mycerinus*, has a base which is the subduplicate of that of *Cephrenes*, that is, 200 times the cubit of Memphis. Thus we have two measures of the cubit preserved, each in different pyramids. Since it is certain that the difference of length in the bases of the two pyramids is proportional, and correspondent to that of the two cubits, is it not probable that the bases in question were measured with the two cubits, and that consequently it was intended to record their lengths in great and almost indestructible monuments. It will at least be allowed, that such an explanation of their differences is more satisfactory than the supposition of a fortuitous coincidence between four purely arbitrary dimensions. On the other hand, the simple proportion between the measure and the base of the pyramid proves that our standard or rule was accurately made, and that it has neither become contracted nor dilated: these are two data which confirm each other. The delicate division of the instrument also sufficiently shows the intention of the artist to furnish accurate dimensions.

It may be inferred from all these observations, as well as from the researches which I formerly published, that a first cubit was instituted by the Egyptians at a remote era; that this ancient cubit was used in the construction of their monuments; that it was twice augmented by three digits in ancient times, and by four digits, or a palm, in later ages; lastly, that its magnitude is found in the standard of Memphis. Perhaps this successive augmentation of the Egyptian cubit is the source of the confusion of ideas which has prevailed on this subject; some raising this measure to the magnitude of the Hebrew cubit of the Sanctuary, others reducing it far too much, and all supposing it to have been invariable during all the periods of the Egyptian Empire. However this may be, I think that the discovery of this instrument throws an entirely new light on ancient mensuration; and if it should be found that some of the ideas which I have expressed are not sufficiently supported; if, notwithstanding the palpable meaning of the hieroglyphical and numerical signs, the interpretation which I propose should not be satisfactory as to the strictness of the proofs; I hope, at least, that every body will allow the importance of this precious instrument, which may be called a monument of ancient civilization. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, that it furnishes a very satisfactory confirmation of the graphic system of Egyptian numeration, as I have formerly explained it."

The Plate of this measure being the size of the Standard itself, is much too large for our page, and it did not seem advisable to reduce it. We therefore subjoin the figures of the first five digits from left to right, and Nos. 2, 3, 10, 11, from right to left, of the size of the original.



ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Account of Operations for Measuring an Arc of a Parallel of Latitude, executed in the Years 1821 *and* 1822.

After the termination of the important operations for prolonging the meridian of Paris from Dunkirk to Formentera, the French Board of Longitude directed its views to the measurement of an Arc of a parallel of latitude the most extensive that could be obtained.

At the urgent representations of the celebrated Laplace, the Minister of War commissioned in 1811 several officers of Engineers to form a series of triangles, which, commencing on the shores of the ocean near Bordeaux, should cut the meridian of Paris, and extend to the eastern shores of the Adriatic. It was intended at the same time to unite with this series, and to determine, with the greatest precision possible, the geographical situation of the summit of Mount Blanc, which was considered as the most stable and most remarkable point in Europe, and consequently the most proper to choose for the purpose of fixing a first meridian.

The work was undertaken and executed with much activity; so that in 1814 they had already obtained, on one hand, a series of triangles, which, resting on the base measured near the Ticino by the astronomers of Milan, extended from Fiume in Istria to Rivoli near Turin, joining the trigonometrical polygon of Beccaria; and, on the other hand, they had also an uninterrupted triangulation from the tower of Cordovan near Bordeaux to the mountains which divide France from Savoy. Thus they had completed the most extensive, but not the most difficult part of their labour; for, the highest chains of the Alps and their immense glaciers, opposed to the formation of an exact and complete triangulation greater difficulties perhaps than any which had hitherto been experienced in operations of this kind.

So long ago as the year 1820, M. Laplace applied to the Government of Piedmont to induce it to order a triangulation in Savoy, which might be connected with the two series (the eastern and western) which, united, extend from the Ocean to the Adriatic, under the parallel of 45°. The negociations on this subject were still pending, when the political events in Piedmont caused them to be suspended; but as soon as tranquillity was restored, the subject was resumed, and the Austrian Government, which first took it up, offered to contribute to the necessary expense, and appointed three geometricians, who, associated with an equal number of officers of the Sardinian staff, were appointed to execute the work. The junction of the French series with the Austrian, procured also the great advantage of prolonging the Arc of the Parallel, which the first geometricians had not been able to extend beyond Fiume, nine degrees of longitude farther, by taking advantage of a preceding triangulation, which, commencing at the Adriatic, extends through Croatia and Sclavonia to Orsova: thus we shall have an Arc of twenty-four degrees of longitude, of which six are in France, three in Piedmont, and fifteen in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria. This very considerable Arc is intersected at almost equal intervals by the meridians of Paris, Milan, and Vienna.

We will add to the preceding notice, which has been obligingly communicated to us by one of the superior officers employed in this work, and which we have translated literally from the Italian manuscript, that the operations destined to join the two above-mentioned triangulations across the chain of Alps, by the means of signals observed from stations astronomically and geodesically determined, took place at the beginning of last September; and one of the stations, that of Mount Colombier, to the south of Scyssel, being, by a singular chance, visible at the Observatory of Geneva, the geographical situation of which is determined with the greatest precision, two Genoese deputies were invited by the French, Austrian, and Piedmontese astronomers, to join in the observations of the signals which were to take place from the 3d to the 7th of September inclusive.

Observations, for which the weather during five days proved remarkably favourable, and which extended from the eastern slope of the Alps, in the region of Mount Cenis, to Auvergne, were made, but the results have not yet transpired.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

The second Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings in Soho-square, will be opened to the Public on Wednesday next. Of the

preceding, we were led to speak in terms of very warm approbation; and the great attractions of the new collection will not permit us in truth to abate one tittle of eulogy. It is indeed most interesting, curious and excellent. Every subject is by a British Artist, and the whole may be described as forming a complete school for comparison and study in two important branches of the fine arts. From the names of the contributors—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir T. Lawrence, Wilson, Turner, Gainsborough, Stothard, Ward, Girtin, Hamilton, Barry, Paul Sandby, Westall, Jackson, Haydon, Martin, J. Landseer, Cozens, Havell, Gandy, Cristall, Cooper, Collins, Mackenzie, Prout, Clennell, Stephanoff, Edridge, &c. &c. &c. in drawing, and nearly every living British engraver of eminence, with a few specimens of some of the distinguished dead—from these names, we repeat, it will readily be anticipated that the productions here assembled together, offer ample means for a delightful retrospect, whence may be seen the rise, progress, and character of a style peculiarly English, and the present state of force and beauty at which it has arrived. In this Number of our paper, it is out of our power to do more than indicate the general merits of this admirable Exhibition, which we look upon as really invaluable to our Native Arts, and of the highest popular interest. It is a garden of the sweetest and most select flowers; and there is not a person of taste and mind in the kingdom, who will not find both amply gratified by often contemplating their rare and delicious charms.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, selected from various ancient Edifices in England, &c. &c. &c. By A. Pugin. Vol. II. Parts IV. and V. London: J. Taylor.

The progress of this excellent work has for some time demanded a record in the Literary Gazette; which only the pressure of more temporary concerns has prevented it from receiving. The VIth part will finish it, and must, we presume, be on the eve of publication, unless the fire at Mr. Taylor's may have retarded it. Each of the parts now before us, consists of eighteen engravings, exemplifying the various styles of Gothic Architecture in a manner at once pleasing to the eye, and useful to the architect and antiquary; and V. contains what is also generally useful—a glossary of the technical terms belonging to this order of architecture. In this we observe the author has tripped at that great stumbling-block to etymologists, the word *oyal* or *oriel* as applied to a window. We do not think the expression is of high antiquity, or warranted in this sense as meaning a bay window; but if taken from its ascertained import, *oriel* (quasi *areola* perhaps—see Du Cange) "a court, portico, or closet," it certainly must refer to a projecting light. But our business here is not with etymology.

Part IV. contains many curious ornamental specimens from Hampton Court Palace, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Peter, &c. Oxford; and St. Saviour's Southwark; and Part V. is filled with similar subjects, except one plate of an ancient carved chest. All these designs are excellently engraved; and must if carefully studied, suggest many beauties to the practical builder. Much do we wish that those employed on our new Churches would consult them; and that no style but the venerable, impressive, and sublime Gothic were employed in these structures.

Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details of King Henry VIIth's Chapel at Westminster; with a concise History and Description, by L. N. Cottingham, Architect. Vol. 1. Folio Atlas. London: Priestley & Weale.

This is another work of the same character, but in a different style. It consists of 45 lithographic prints, cleverly executed by Hullmandel, and not only presenting the general effect of the celebrated Chapel which they illustrate, but going into the most minute details with great skill and fidelity. It follows that such a work must be eminently useful; and we believe we speak the opinions of the most distinguished Architects of the day, when we say that Mr. Cottingham has deserved well of his profession by the publication. The diligence and patient labour bestowed upon it deserve the highest praise; and the descriptive letter-press completes its utility. The contour of the mouldings in a large size are peculiarly desirable; and some of the corbels, labels and traceries, thus accurately pictured, are severally very grotesque, curious and tasteful.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

X.—*The Eve of St. John.*

There is a flower, a magical flower,
On which love hath laid a fairy power;
Gather it on the eve of St. John,
When the clock of the village is tolling one;
Let no look be turned, no word be said,
And lay the rose-leaves under your head;
Your sleep will be light, and pleasant your rest,
For your visions will be of the youth you love best.
Four days I had not my own Love seen,—
Where, sighed I, can my wanderer have been?
I thought I would gather the magical flower,
And see him at least in my sleeping hour!—
St. John's Eve came: to the garden I flew,
Where the white roses shone with the silver dew;
The nightingale sang as I passed along—
I started to hear even her sweet song;
The sky was bright with moon and star-shine,
And the wind was sweet as a whisper of thine,
Dear love! for whose sake I stripped the tree-rose,
And softly and silently stole to repose.
No look I turned, and no word I said,
But laid the white roses under my head.
Oh, sweet was the dream that came to me then!
I dreamt of a lonely and lovely glen;
There was a clear and beautiful sky,
Such as is seen in the blue July;
To the north was a forest of darkling pine;
To the south were hills all green with the vine,
Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems
Seen upon princely diadems;
On the rocks were goats as white as snow,
And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below;
And like a nest in the chesnut's shade,
As just for love and contentment made,
A little cottage stood, and the tree
Shadowed it over most gracefully;
A white rose grew up beside the door,
The porch with the blossoms was covered o'er;
Methought it was your's—you were standing by:
You welcomed me, and I felt your sigh
Warm on my cheek, and our lips met,—
On mine the touch is thrilling yet!
But, alas! I awakened, and all I can do
Is to tell the sweet dream, my own Love, to you!

XI.—*The Emerald Ring—a Superstition.*

It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no colour in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone!
Take back your gift, and give me mine—
The kiss that sealed our last love vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,—
My kiss is lost and sullied now!
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed;
But my true love has altered not,
My heart is broken—not estranged! L. E. L.

TO INEZ.

From the Spanish of Gongora.

From my summer alcove, which the stars this morn
With lucid pearls o'erspread,
I have gathered these jessamines thus to adorn
With a wreath thy graceful head; [death
From thy bosom and mouth they, as flowers, are
Ask a purer white and a sweeter breath.

Their blossoms a host of bees alarmed,
Watched over on jealous wing,
Hoarse trumpeters seemed they all, and armed
Each bee with a diamond sting:
I tore them away, but each flower I tore
Has cost me a sting which smarteth sore.

Now, as I these jessamine flowers entwine,
A gift for thy vagrant hair,
I must have from those honey-sweet lips of thine
A kiss for each sting I bear:
It is just that the blooms I bring thee home
Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.

J. H. Wiffen.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—After the Tragedy of George Barnwell, an unsuccessful attempt was made at a Pantomime, called Gog and Magog, or Harlequin Antiquary. Predetermined as we always are to be pleased with a Christmas Pantomime, we reluctantly make up our minds to condemn; but of this we must speak as it deserves. Bad music, stale common-place tricks, and those so clumsily executed, that were they not acquaintances of very long standing, the audience (or rather to coin a word the *vidience*) must have been still in ignorance of what was meant by many of them. The scenery generally is good, and but for the redeeming beauties of some of the views of old and modern London, the piece could not have been dragged half way through. Of these we should mention as really fine pictures—The "Fairy Landscape"—"A view from Millbank," and "Ancient Fawkes Hall," by Stanfield, and two views of London in 1666 and 1622, by Nasmyth. The last scene (Temple of Improvement and the Arts,) which might have been made of great effect, is a silly, unmeaning thing, and exhibited in darkness. At the conclusion, Harlequin came forward to announce a repetition amidst loud clamours of *No, no*—hisses, and *Off, off*.

Covent Garden.—Here a splendid piece entitled Harlequin and the Ogress, or the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood, was produced; and went off in the most brilliant manner to the infinite delight of old and young. The scenery is superb, the changes clever, and the whim incessant. A series of panoramic pictures representing His Majesty's sailing

from Greenwich, are the most admirable things of the kind ever exhibited on any stage. The Grimaldis are in full play, and in short, the whole Pantomime is of the best kind and likely to have a very great run. Of Thursday performances we have not time to write more at large.

We hear that Mr. Putnam's Readings and Recitations, at the Argyle Rooms, are to be resumed as soon as Parliament meets.

LAPLANDERS—WAPETI.

AMONG our holiday Exhibitions, that of the Laplanders and Wapeti, united at the Egyptian Hall, possesses peculiar merits for youthful resort. The human beings are of the lowest scale of European Humanity; the animals belong to the highest class of their species (cervus;) and it is curious to see them together — the male, female, and a young one of each kind! We were sorry to observe, the other day, in our lounge here, that the boy is likely never to breathe his native air, though the speedy return of his parents is anticipated. An affection of the spine seems to have marked the poor Finnish child for a British grave. When he suffers pain, the natural feelings of his father and mother are a good deal affected; but, in general, they do not display much sensibility or anxious solicitude. The Man exercises dexterously with his snow-shoes, and the Woman plays with their brute companions. The latter are now so tame that visitors are driven round the room in a chaise drawn by the Male; the Female allows herself to be ridden like a horse: and the *Elding* frisks about as part of the *cortege*. They are handsome and magnificent creatures, and we should be glad to see them redeemed from their present confinement, to adorn some landscape as picturesque as themselves, and, roaming at comparative liberty, to add a new race of majestic as well as useful animals to the British catalogue.

VARIETIES.

Peveril of the Peak is expected in a week or ten days, as we hear from Edinburgh that the whole MS. is in the Printer's hands, and the Ballantyne Press is as remarkable for its activity as its beauty. The story, we believe, belongs to the reign of our Second Charles, at the particular period of the Popish Plot. The picture of those times of courtly folly and vice—the character of Charles himself, and the extraordinary features of the favourite Buckingham—afford fine grounds for our unequalled Novel-historian.

Mr. Wiffen, we are informed, has ready for the press, A Translation in English verse of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets, with a Critical and Historical Essay on the Birth, Progress, Decay, and Revival of Spanish Poetry, and a Life and Portrait of the author. It is intended to be printed of an uniform size with Lord Holland's Lives of Lope de Vega, and Guillen de Castro, and will probably appear in February.

A Quarterly Magazine, in the Spanish language, is about to be published in London: its circulation in Spanish America is largely anticipated.

Madame de Genlis' new work.—The Diners d'Holbach is written against the philosophe. Pontenelle was a hypocrite. M. de *Voltaire*, as she styles him, an *inepte*; a common-place writer, unworthy to rank with historians. His Henriade cold and feeble; *devoré d'une basse jalousie pour Corneille*, and in character vile, cowardly, deceitful. A critique of the *Diners* which I have seen, terminates thus—"Donc, Madame la Comtesse, il n'est pas digne de votre saint courroux. En effet, nul n'a plus de droits que vous de le traiter de *lâche* et d'*hypocrite*. Vous avez toujours mené une vie pure irréprochable; vous n'avez jamais insulte au malheur, calomnié la vertu et vos bienfaiteurs; on peut s'en convaincre et lisant *Les Chevaliers du Cygne*; et ce n'est pas enfin pour LAcher de faire oublier d'anciennes erreurs, que vous vous couvrez du manteau, je ne dirai pas de la religion, mais de la *bigoterie*."—*Letter from Paris.*

Anecdote.—There is a curious fact connected with the composition of Beniowski, or the Exiles of Kamstchatka, a comic opera in three acts, by M. Duval. At that period of terror, about the end of 1792, Talma, who then lived in the Rue Chanteriene (in a house afterwards inhabited by Bonaparte) collected round him every evening, according to custom, a crowd of celebrated men, among whom was the famous Dumorier. This meeting became suspected by the Jacobins. The infamous Marat had the insolence to intrude himself on them, to address the most injurious speeches to all of any consideration in the room. They mocked the wretch, pushed him from side to side, and at length, to get rid of him sooner, one of the guests followed him from chamber to chamber with a lighted pan on which perfumes were burning. The rage of the monster may be easily imagined. The next day his fearful Journal denounced Talma to all France, and from that moment the tragedian was in danger of his life; for then, as in the time of the Venetian oligarchy, there was too much foundation for saying, "Executioners were ready when suspicion began." One evening, after having acted in tragedy, Talma was more depressed than usual, (his name had just been inscribed on one of the fatal lists.) M. Alexander Duval, to dissipate his fears, or at least to share his danger, came home with him to sup and sleep. It was in the middle of a long and gloomy night: anxious for the fate of his friend, anxious also for his own, unable to sleep, M. Duval went into the library, and took up by chance the Memoirs of Beniowski; these immediately gave him the idea of a piece for the stage. "In spite of my alarm, I found my head (says he) clear to sketch the plot of an Opera, which the public has received favourably, though without knowing that this unfortunate offspring of my imagination was born amid fear and danger."

Early Playing Cards.—At a sale of prints, which took place this week at Mr. Sotheby's in Wellington Street, Strand, was sold an extraordinary collection of very early Engravings, of fourteen pieces, part of a set of *playing cards*. They consisted of the four Queens, the four Knaves, and three of the Kings; all represented by single figures, habited in the costume of the *fifteenth century*, and distinguished by devices of *lions, stags, birds, and satyrs*. In addition to the above Court Cards, were two whole-length figures, (perhaps intended for Esquires or Knights, which are said to have had a place in the *Tarocco cards*,) together with a common card, composed of five grotesque figures; the central one of which has a baton in his hand, making it probable that it was intended for the five of Clubs. There are no initial letters, monograms, or dates, on any of the plates; but they are apparently of the period of the *Master of* 1466, and being neither noticed by Bartch, nor in the work of Mr. W. G. Ottley, may be considered as *unique*. Size of each print, 5¼ inches in height by 3½ inches in width. One circumstance is very remarkable in the above collection; namely, that the small figure in each, designating the suit, is printed from a second or separate plate, upon a blank space of exactly the proper shape and dimensions left for the purpose in the larger plate, to which it is so exactly fitted, that upon a first view it appeared as if the King or Queen, for example, together with the figure marking the suit, had been printed from the same plate. The fact, however, has been substantiated after a minute examination; and it appears, moreover, certain, that in printing the common playing card noticed above, no less than five distinct plates were used, one of which is also found upon one of the Court Cards. These interesting Prints attracted considerable attention among the collectors, and produced the sum of *seventy six pounds thirteen shillings*.—(*Correspondent.*)

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

DECEMBER.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday ... 5	from 30 to 40	29·69 to 29·19
Friday 6	from 38 to 43	29·25 to 29·05
Saturday ... 7	from 30 to 41	29·82 to 29·98
Sunday 8	from 27 to 43	30·09 to 30·07
Monday 9	from 36 to 49	30·01 to 30·02
Tuesday 10	from 32 to 40	30·18 to 30·32
Wednesday 11	from 22 to 34	29·41 to 29·45

Rain fallen ,85 of an inch.

Prevailing wind SW.—The weather generally clear. Heavy rain in the evenings of the 8th and 9th, and frequent foggy mornings.

Thursday ... 12	from 25 to 40	30·43 to 30·43
Friday 13	from 29 to 40	30·25 to 30·10
Saturday ... 14	from 30 to 36	30·14 to 29·97
Sunday 15	from 23 to 36	30·00 to 29·95
Monday 16	from 29 to 33	30·01 to 30·14
Tuesday 17	from 29 to 35	30·20 to 30·17
Wednesday 18	from 33 to 44	30·11 Stationary

A NE. wind prevailing, and generally cloudy.

Thursday ... 19	from 33 to 38	30·17 to 30·21
Friday 20	from 26 to 30	30·28 Stationary
Saturday ... 21	from 25 to 33	30·29 to 30·19
Sunday 22	from 24 to 30	30·03 to 30·00
Monday 23	from 33 to 49	29·97 Stationary
Tuesday 24	from 32 to 36	29·96 to 30·09
Wednesday 25	from 29 to 36	30·21 to 30·31

Wind NE.—Weather alternately clear and cloudy.

Edmonton. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would not discourage *J. M'K.* but "Woman's Love" will not do for us.

Two of Little's is a little time.

We have, to complete the *Literary Gazette* for 1825, given a Title-page and Index in our present Number, in a way which will enable Subscribers to cut them out readily and bind up their Volumes.

The large space thus occupied has rather crowded the individual Number, but our readers are as large as circumstances permitted.

Our Advertising friends (now postponed) shall have three pages allotted to them till the accumulation is cleared; and the order of reception shall be punctually adhered to.

Many Articles are unavoidably delayed.

New Subscriptions already notified will be duly provided for, and we request those who wish to begin the year with us, to facilitate our arrangements and prevent disappointment, by sending their Orders with all convenient speed.

Errata: p. 809, col. 2. line 28, *for* converse *read* contrasts—line 41, *dele* ; after proofs—p. 801, col. 1, line 47, *for* primogeniture *read* primogenitors. In the Poem of L. E. L. 9 from bottom, *for* long *read* sad